Truth in Rhyme, To ſuit the Time,

OR, THE

PARISH GUTTLERS.

A MERRY POEM.

As it is Acting every Day with great Applauſe

Near the Poors Houſe, *Gray's-Inn-lane.*

WITH THE

Comical ADVENTURES of

Simon Knicky Knocky, Undertaker,
Church Warden and Coffin-maker.

LONDON:

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[Price One Shilling.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Pariſh Gutt'lers:

OR, THE

Humours of a SELECT VESTRY.

AS Nations oft by cunning Knaves,
Are made conſenting Fools and Slaves,
And tempted by deluſive Arts,
To wrong themſelves with willing Hearts,
Till Poverty creeps on at laſt,
And minds them of their Follies paſt,
Who then to late behold the Craft
And Fraud of thoſe they've rais'd aloft;

So Veſtries that are ſtil'd *Select*,
Whom many blame, but few reſpect,
Old ſurly Sots, and greedy Hounds,
Whoſe Wiſdom lies in Pence and Pounds,
O'er injur'd Pariſhes preſide,
And all their ſuff'ring Neighbours ride,
Oppreſs the Humble, wrong the Poor,
And half the Pariſh-Dues devour,
Feaſt their own Guts, like brawny Boars,
And ſtarve their hungry Penſioners,
Frequent the Taverns Night and Day,
And live in Pomp on Pariſh-Pay;
Surfeit wirh Sauſages and Fowls,
And drown their poor neglected Souls
In coſtly Wines, which few can drink,
But thoſe that deal in publick Chink.
Nor are they thus content, alone,
To guzzle down what's not their own,
But mend their Fortunes, which is worſe,
By tamp'ring with the Pariſh-Purſe.

If

If *Peggy*, *Betty*, *Nanny*, *Kather'n*,
Or any tallow-fac'd young Slattern,
That pines at Heart, and grieves in Thought,
For want of knowing *what is what*;
If her old Father's Shop or Stall
Stands but without the City-Wall,
When he's Church-Ward'n, ſhe need not fear
A Husband in that joyful Year;
And if a Dowry with his Daughter
Be wanting, to cement the Matter,
He'll raiſe a Bag, and richly cloath her,
By ſome damn'd *Over-rate* or other.
Nay! grind the Poor behind the Curtain,
Rather than not advance a Fortune.
And thus by Rogu'ry and Extortion,
Make the whole Pariſh pay the Portion.
So Bakers think it no Colluſion,
To raiſe, by way of Contribution,
A Sunday's Pudding, by partaking
Of ev'ry one that's brought to baking.

From

From Gen'rals, which my ſporting Muſe
Does only as a *Proem* uſe,
She now deſcends to ſtand the Bears,
And ſing of late Particulars,
That Fact may, in ſome meaſure, ſhew
Her former Allegations true,
And Pariſhes may ſee their Rulers
Diſplay'd in their Cameleon Colours,
Who, *Proteus*-like, can change their Shapes,
To Lyons, Aſſes, Wolves, or Apes,
And for their Int'reſt, and their Eaſe,
Imploy two diff'rent Conſciences,
One very large, to rob the Spittle,
The other very dark and little;
The moſt capacious, to be ſure,
They uſe when they defraud the Poor,
Becauſe they never think, in ſuch
Affairs, they ſerve themſelves too much.
The ſame good Conſcience gives Directions
In all Aſſeſſments, and Collections,

And dictates what they ought to do,
In Veſtry, and in Tavern too.

In Acts of Friendſhip, or Compaſſion,
Or Works that merit Commendation,
In helping Widows in Diſtreſs,
Or Orphans in a wretched Caſe,
In ſerving God, or being juſt
To thoſe for whom they are in Truſt,
Then little Conſcience doth appear,
And gives the Rule by which they ſteer.
Yet wiſe and honeſt Men deride 'em,
Tho' they've two Conſciences to guide 'em;
Becauſe their Actions ſhew, in troth,
One good one's richly worth 'em both.
As Spaniards *with two Weapons ſwagger,*
A huge long Sword, and little Dagger,
With which they guard themſelves from Danger,
But often wound the peaceful Stranger;

So Veſtry Bullies, when they pleaſe,
Miſuſe their Double Conſciences,
Secure themſelves, and Knaves that love 'em,
But injure thoſe that diſapprove 'em.

As modeſt Dames, with baſhful Faces,
When forc'd to ſpeak in bawdy Caſes,
Make twenty Shuffles to evade
Paw Words, which muſt at laſt be ſaid:
So my poor ſilly ſhame-fac'd Muſe,
Now here *Subpœna'd* to accuſe
A Pack of Sots, and Capon-Eaters,
Of many Crimes before their Betters,
Seems backward to expoſe their Failings,
As if avers'd to publick Railings.
However, ſince ſhe muſt declare
The Knav'ries of this Grand Affair,
She hopes, unblam'd, to ſay or ſing
The Truth. And ſo, *GOD ſave the* KING.

To all wiſe Men of *London* Town,
And grave old Dunces, be it known,
Without that Gate that bears the Title
Of Rev'rend —— leading to the Spittle,
There lies an ancient, ill-pav'd, hobbling
Out-Pariſh, fam'd of late for Squabbling,
Which has more Courts and Allies in it,
Than I could name by this Day ſe'ennight,
Stuff'd with ſuch People, and ſuch Matter,
That would diſgrace the loweſt Satyr.
Not but each open Street abounds
With Men of Senſe, and Men of Pounds,
But Goſſips, Trulls, and Marſhal's Baili's,
Affect to dwell in Nooks and Allies;
As Owls, and other Birds of Night,
In Barns, and hollow Trees delight.

This ancient Pariſh, partly nam'd
Before, for preſent Diſcord fam'd,
Is wiſely govern'd by the Maſtry
Of thoſe that call themſelves a *Veſtry*,

Their Number, by their own Accounts,
To about Twenty ſix amounts;
A ſmall Detachment out of which,
More ſly, more crafty, and more rich,
Govern the reſt by Tavern Treats,
And thus they carry on their Cheats.
So Stateſmen make whole Nations Fools,
When Ays *and* Noes *become their Tools.*

But whence theſe modern *Veſtries*, call'd
Select, derive the Pow'r they hold,
Like many others, I'm inclin'd
To think, is difficult to find;
Tho', I confeſs, the moſt conciſe
Account I ever heard, is this:

A certain *Goldſmith* highly vex'd,
To find himſelf unjuſtly tax'd,
Did to the *Pariſh-Dons* complain;
But could no Remedy obtain:

Which

Which caus'd him, in a ſcoffing Paſſion,
To vent the following Exclamation.

HAVE I, ye Scrubs, *for Years untold,*
In Sterling *dealt, and* Standard Gold;
Made Silver Tankards for your Vict'lers,
And Spoons, and Salts, for Pariſh-Gutt'lers;
Sold maſſy Bowls to grace your Houſes,
And Tea-Pots to oblige your Spouſes;
Furniſh'd your Daughters, patch'd and painted,
With precious Stones, thoſe Toys they wanted;
And to their prouder Mothers ſold
Gilt Watches, that have paſs'd for Gold;
Adorn'd their Ears with Rings, that ought
To've been into their Noſes put;
And done to gratify your Pride,
A Thouſand uſeful Things beſide:
And muſt I now, ye Gutt'ling Crew,
Be thus impos'd upon by you?
From whence do you derive, GOD bleſs us!
The Power to injure, and oppreſs us?

Who conjur'd up that Pariſh-Sect,
A Modern Veſtry, *call'd* Select?
An old Rebellious Name —— of late
Reviv'd, that ſtinks of Forty Eight.
Of all Tax-Maſters you're the worſt,
A Pack of Tyrants, who were firſt
Choſe by the Devil, your eldeſt Brother,
And now you all chooſe one another.
So fare ye well, I'll curb my Tongue,
But pray remember whence ye ſprung.

DEMETRIUS being now withdrawn,
And *Veſtry* glad to find him gone,
A grave *Old Hunx*, on this Occaſion,
Began the following wiſe Oration.

BRETHREN, *I ſay, on t'other Hand,*
It may be, you miſunderſtand
The bitter Words this Man has utter'd,
Or if you do not, I'll be butter'd;

But

But let me ſee; where am I got?
I ſay, that is, I vow I'm out;
Good Brethren, help me in a little,
I know his Meaning to a Tittle:
Pray hear me, Sirs, I have ſpoke before
Lord-May'rs, a dozen times, or more,
Nay, Judges too, in Days of Yore.
But many Words will never fill
A Buſhel, I remember ſtill;
And, therefore, to be ſhort and plain,
Muſt tell you, that this angry Man
Is mad he doth not drink and eat
His Share of ev'ry Pariſh-Treat;
He means not to affront, or wrong us,
But only wants to be among us;
And thinks, becauſe we don't invite him
To e'ery Banquet, *that we ſlight him:*
Therefore, in my Opinion, really,
My honeſt Brethren, let me tell ye,

The way to ſtop his clam'ring thus,
Is e'en to make him one of us;
Obſerve me, When a Member rails
Againſt the Court he ſeldom fails
Of ſome Preferment that prevents
His further noiſy Diſcontents;
And when his Mouth's once ſtop'd with Riches,
Farewell to all his biting Speeches;
Therefore take my Advice, you'll find
Our Neighbour ſoon will change his Mind.

THIS florid pertinent Oration,
Tho' ſpoke with no ſmall Heſitation,
Prevail'd ſo greatly with the reſt,
That the whole *Veſtry* acquieſs'd
In his Opinion, and agreed
To chooſe, with all convenient ſpeed,
Demetrius, knowing no Man fitter,
To be inſtall'd a Capon Eater,

Who when Elected to the Sweets
Of all their coſtly Pariſh Treats,
Drew in his Horns when thus befriended,
And ſo the mighty Quarrel ended.
But finding now himſelf exalted
Above each other Nighbour dolted,
And growing proud of his Admiſſion
Into this Pariſh Inquiſition,
Was ask'd by a familiar Friend,
What Notions now he entertain'd
Of that *Aſſembly* which had been
So long the Object of his Spleen.
Demetrius with a ſhaking Head,
Reply'd, *Ah! Neighbour, what I ſaid*
Before I knew them, I confeſs,
Was but a wrong, ill-natur'd Gueſs,
I own, I thought 'em then a Crew
Of tricking, cheating, Knaves, 'tis true,
But now I ſit, and vote among 'em,
The Lord forbid that I ſhould wrong 'em;

I find 'em, as I hope to thrive,
The worthy'ſt Gentlemen *alive;*
I did not think there could have been
A Set of ſuch wiſe, honeſt Men,
I dare to ſwear they would not hurt
A Worm that crawls upon the Dirt,
Much leſs do any publick Wrong to
The good old Pariſh they belong to.

HEY day! reply'd his Friend, *I find*
Of late you've ſtrangely chang'd your Mind,
It was but t'other Day you nos'd 'em,
And as a Pack of Knaves expos'd 'em,
But now they've won your good Affection,
They're all turn'd Saints ſince your Election.
Whence I conclude this muſt be true,
You've mended *them, or they've* ſpoil'd *you.*

DEMETRIUS anſwer'd, *Let 'em be*
What e'er they would, before they'd me,

I can

I can ſincerely ſwear and vow,
They're all good honeſt Mortals now.

So *Stateſmen*, out of publick Truſt,
Count others that are in, unjuſt;
But when themſelves are once embrac'd,
And choſen in amongſt the reſt,
They often prove as great Tranſgreſſors,
As thoſe that were their Predeceſſors.

Nor are theſe Corm'rants of the Pariſh,
Content to guttle, ſwill, and cheriſh
Their own immod'rate Appetites,
With coſtly Wines, and dainty Bits;
But the *Church-Ward'n*, when e'ery Sinner
Has cram'd his ſtretching Guts at Dinner,
Muſt ſend the Remnants of each Gooſe,
And other Fragments to his Houſe,
Which ought to be at Tavern Door
Diſpos'd of to the hungry Poor,

Beaauſe their Money often pays
Th' Expence of thoſe devouring Days;
And therefore, have undoubted Titles
At *Feaſts*, to all their broken Vict'als.
Nay! if the Wretches had their Due,
Should really ſit at Table too;
For they, whoſe Money makes the *Feaſt*,
Should have an ample Share at leaſt.
But Slaves and Beggars always muſt
Be wrong'd by thoſe they're forc'd to truſt.
In Hoſpitals, if well endow'd,
The Stewards all grow Rich and Proud,
Whilſt the poor Penſioners are fed,
With Half their Due of Fleſh and Bread,
Nay! puniſh'd, if they ſcatter Words,
Becauſe their Servants are their Lords.
Our *Pariſh-Beadles*, heretofore,
Were Beggars, now they're Men in Pow'r;
And, often by the Choice of Fools,
Are made illit'rate *Conſtables*,

Who

Who with their mercenary Staves,
Protect Night-walking Sluts, and Knaves
For Bribes; and always are as ready
T' oppreſs the Honeſt, and the Needy.
Thus ſome who wear the *Pariſh-Cloth*,
Sworn *Conſtables*, and *Beadles* both,
Shall make by the Abuſe of Pow'r,
A Hundred Pounds a Year, or more;
And in the Pariſh take more Freedom,
Than thoſe that pay to cloath and feed 'em,
Can ſwear, forſwear, preſent, indict,
For Int'reſt ſome, and ſome for Spight;
And as *Church-Ward'ns* direct their Mouths,
Can miſapply both Lyes and Truths,
To ſtem the Laws, or puzzle all
The Juſtices at *Hicks's-Hall*;
And by falſe Oaths convict, or ſave
The poor old Bawd, or guilty Knave;
And as their Palms are greas'd, can make
Th' Offender either White, or Black.

Theſe are the *Veſtry-Lacquies*, dreſs'd
Like Apes, in Hats and Jackets lac'd;
That when the *Pariſh-Gluttons* meet,
O'er Pigs and Geeſe to ſwill and eat,
Tom *Gripe*, in all his liv'ry Pomp,
May wait at Mr. *Church-Ward'ns* Rump,
And let his Tun-Gut Maſter ſee,
What 'tis to dine like Quality;
Beſides, he is a uſeful Tool,
To ſlide away a good fat Fowl,
Or Slice of Ven'ſon, and a Bottle,
To Mr. *Church-Warden*'s Tittle-Tattle,
Who ſits at Home adorn'd, tho' old,
With ſpreading Hoop, and Chain of Gold,
One monſtrous wide about her Placket,
The other faſten'd by a Locket;
As if theſe Gugaws, which the Fair,
Around their Tails and Necks do wear,
Are only meant to let us know,
Tho' chain'd above, they're looſe below.

Thus

Thus *Engliſh* Wives are for ſubmitting,
To wear ſuch Lockets as are fitting;
But ſcorn, like tame *Italian* Huſſies,
To ſuffer their croſs jealous Spouſes
To padlock up their Tuzzy-Muzzies.
For *Britiſh* Ladies will defend
Their ancient Rights from End to End,
And will not be deny'd the Freedom
Of Tongue, or Tail, when e're they need 'em.
'Tis true, ſome Men have been too free
Of that dear Bleſſing, Liberty,
And ſold their native Rights for leſs,
Than hungry *Eſau*'s dainty Meſs;
Fair Madams, therefore, be no Slaves
To ſelling Fools, or buying Knaves;
But wear the Breeches if you can,
And tyrannize o'er ſilly Man,
Who ſure would, rather of the two,
Be govern'd, and enſlav'd by you,
Than barrack'd by the Lord knows who.

READER,

READER, Excuſe this ſhort Digreſſion,
Forgiveneſs ſhould ſucceed Confeſſion.
And now my careleſs *Muſe*, who thus
Has been miſled by *Pegaſus*,
Shall of the Headſtrong Jade get Maſt'ry,
And once more ſpur her to the *Veſtry*.
Where merrily ſhe means to take
A tranſient View, for Juſtice Sake;
That by one Sett of *Pariſh-Rulers*,
Well painted in their proper Colours,
The World may ſee how Fools are cheated,
By Knaves on upper Benches ſeated,
Who of their Betters learn the Way
To wrong the Poor as well as they.
And if we carefully inſpect
One modern *Veſtry*, call'd *Select*,
And give the Characters of thoſe
That lead the *Pariſh* by the Noſe,
The ſame may be apply'd to all
The *Veſtries* round the City-Wall;

For

For Foxes will be Foxes ſtill,
And prey on Geeſe, live where they will.

The firſt of this ſelected Crew,
That ſtands expos'd to preſent View,
Is an old hamm'ring Sot that deals
In Culinary Utenſils;
And to indulge us in our Sins,
Sells Tavern Pots, and Nipperkins,
Huge Member-Mugs, call'd *Looking-Glaſſes*,
Not for our Faces, but our A--ſes;
And uſeful Cloſet-Pans, deſign'd
To eaſe us when we're looſe behind,
Or when venereal Symptoms call us
To Breakfaſt upon Pills, or Bolus.
Well may this cunning Fox grow rich,
That furniſhes both Mouth and Breech,
With ſuch Conveniencies that neither
Can well be deſtitute of either.

Beſides,

Beſides, like Alchymiſts of old,
Tranſmutes baſe Metal into Gold,
Or can to Silver turn a Jordan,
Which others buy to drop a T—d in,
And this he does his Foes muſt own,
Without the Philoſophick Stone,
Which none but *South-Sea*, to our coſt,
Could ever find, but now 'tis loſt.
One Excellency more does lodge in
This old Rheumatical Curmudgeon,
For tho' he feels in Change of Weather,
Th'Effects of Vice and Age together,
And hobbles when he creeps about,
Like an old Stallion quite worn out;
Yet he can act a Comic Part,
With ſo much Nature, mix'd with Art,
That all Spectators who behold
His Monkey Geſtures, now he's old,
Muſt think he had been bred an Actor,
Or *Andrew* to ſome *German* Doctor;

For no *Jack-Pudding*, Playhouſe Fool,
Or *Pickl'd-Herring*, taught by Rule,
Can move more Laughter, gain more Praiſe,
Or from our Pewt'rer win the Bays,
Eſpecially, when nicely dreſs'd
In an old Beggar-Woman's Veſt,
Whoſe Rags, and Party-colour'd Patches,
Should plead for ſuch diſtreſſed Wretches,
Which none but an unthinking Fool,
Would turn to Sport, and Ridicule.
However, our wiſe Common-C——cil,
Who drives all Mumpers from his Groundcil,
Thinks it an Excellence to play
The Begging Part as well as they;
And therefore, at a publick Meeting,
Thought it of late moſt wiſely fitting,
To dreſs himſelf in Rags and Tatters,
Like one of theſe poor ancient Creatures,
Whoſe humble Mein, and piteous Tone,
Their Cough, and now and then a Groan,

He mimick'd ſo extreamly well,
That all allow'd him to excel
The archeſt Fool, or merry Fellow,
That e'er appear'd in Red and Yellow:
A Talent that might rightly ſquare
With a young Rake, or ſtrolling Play'r,
But can't in Reaſon be allow'd
A Gift, to make an *Elder* proud,
A *Veſtry-Don* of great Regard,
And Common-Council in his Ward;
A grave *Old-Hunx*, that hopes to wear
A Chain, and live to be Lord-May'r.
What! tho' he did his Servant wed,
And finely brought himſelf to Bed;
A Lord-Chief-Juſtice, to his Fame,
Was once ſo wiſe to do the ſame.
Therefore that Failing we'll excuſe,
And leave him to his loving Spouſe,
A Porter's Relict, who can bear,
More active Love than he can ſpare.

THE next Caponian Fornicator
That claims a Place in this dull Satyr,
Is one that wears a Head almoſt
As large as any Bull can boaſt,
Whoſe ſpacious Mouth, when e'er it opens
At roaſted Sirloins, Geeſe, or Capons,
Is ſo extenſive that 'tis fit
To gorge a Pound at e'ery Bit;
Nor does his Belly ſhame his Face,
But ſtruts with ſuch a Giant's Grace,
As if his Guts, for their Relief,
Were ne'er without two Stone of Beef,
Beſides ſome Pounds of Sauſage Links,
And white-leg'd Fowls, to ſtop the Chinks,
Waſh'd freely down, without all Queſtion,
With Quarts of Claret for Digeſtion.
Thus Swills, and Crams, 'till grown a large
Fat Monſter, at the Pariſh Charge,
As Courtiers grow profuſely Great,
By Taxes to ſupport the State.

Nor can a Bagpipe make more Noiſe,
Or drown his loud Stentorian Voice,
Which deafens all that hear him Bawl,
In *Veſtry*, or in Common-Hall!
Nor is he ſuch a giſted Brother,
To talk more wiſely than another,
Becauſe in Sound, and not in Senſe,
Conſiſts his loud-mouth'd Eloquence.
His Charity is ſomething more
Than common, to the Pariſh Poor;
For when he was their upper Guardian,
Or in that Office call'd *Church-Warden*,
When e'er diſtreſſed Objects came
To ask Relief, in Heaven's Name,
Inſtead of granting what might eaſe
Their craving, ſharp Neceſſities,
He'd with indecent Anſwers fool 'em,
And bow, and cringe to ridicule 'em;
Ask 'em what Comfort they could have,
Or Bus'neſs on this ſide the Grave,

Swear-

Swearing he'd give 'em Alms to buy
Them Coffins, if they wou'd but die.
And thus diſpatch'd the Sick, and Old,
Oppreſs'd with Hunger, and with Cold,
Without the leaſt Commiſeration
Of Objects worthy of Compaſſion.
Such are the Drones that live at Eaſe,
And rule, and ride whole Pariſhes.

UPON a Time when this old Sinner
Had over-gorg'd himſelf at Dinner,
And greatly ſurfeited his Blood,
With Fowls too fat, and Wines too good,
The Poor grew joyful at his Sickneſs,
And cry'd, *Pray GOD increaſe his Weakneſs*;
But fear'd he only was diſcharging
The white-leg'd Capons he'd been gorging,
Enquiring daily in the Street,
What! has not Old-Nick *fetch'd him yet?*

And thus the Poor were pretty even
With him that mock'd both them and Heav'n.
This is that famous Maggot-monger,
Who'll ne'r be wiſer till he's younger;
A Leader of the *Veſtry Crew*,
And one o'th' *Common-Council* too,
Who cloſe confin'd, for little reaſon,
A Porter middle Leg. in Priſon;
And for diſperſing Papers there,
Adorn'd with his own Character,
Had ſent him to that ſhameful Place,
Where Whores beat Hemp, for want of Grace,
But knotty *Tom* eſcap'd that Jayl,
By timely putting in good Bail.
And thus the Porter, and his Friends
Baffl'd his Adverſary's Ends.
This alſo was the *Veſtry-Don*,
That went of late before Sir *John*,
To back the good *Church-Ward'n* in Matters
Still to be canvas'd by their Betters.

To th' Pariſh-Poor, before my Lord,
They ſeem'd to have a great Regard,
And therefore humbly hop'd and pray'd,
His wiſer Lordſhip would perſwade,
Or by the dint of Pow'r command
The Overſeers, out of hand,
T'advance full ſixty Pounds, no leſs,
To ſerve the Poor in their Diſtreſs.
But their Opponents, Men of Sence,
Knowing their Plea was but Pretence,
And that their Thirty Pounds a-piece
Would half be ſpent in Pigs, and Geeſe,
Refus'd t'advance ſo great a Sum,
And ſo our *Veſtry-Men*, hum, drum,
Like Blockheads as they went, came home.

The next Parochial Capon-Eater,
That falls beneath the Laſh of Satyr,
Is a poor thin-jaw'd, ghaſtly Soul,
That deals in Powder, and in Ball,

Not

Not ſuch as bloody Soldiers uſe
In Battle, to deſtroy their Foes;
But wholſome, fragrant, Ammunition,
That puts us in a ſweet Condition;
With which each *Tonſor* puffs, and cleans
Our Wigs, and mundifies our Chins;
Such as the ſanguine Dame applies,
To hide her Carrots from our Eyes,
And ſuch as all the cleanly Sex
Sweeten their Hair with, and their Necks,
And oft correct thoſe Imperfections
Which in nice Lovers raiſe Objections.
This mortal Shadow of a Man,
Whoſe Calves a ſingle Hand may ſpan,
And whoſe lank Sides appear as lean
As a poor Greyhound's, ſtarv'd within,
Tho' by his Belly, one would think
He ſeldom us'd to eat or drink,
But like an old dry Stallion looks,
As if juſt riſen from a Flux;

Yet at a Pariſh-Feaſt, where Fowls
Are ſacrific'd to Kites and Owls,
And noble Sirloins grace the Board,
With Pigs, and other Dainties ſtor'd,
At ſuch a Meal he'll cram more Pullet,
And other Poultry down his Gullet,
Than two young Plowmen can devour,
After hard Labour, in an Hour:
Nor does he fail at ſuch a Meeting,
To drink according to his Eating,
But in Proportion ſwills down Claret,
Altho' he looks no better for it,
Than if for Years he had been fed
Scot-like, with Water, and Oat-Bread.

So hungry Marriot, *at a Meal,*
Would gorge five Stone of Beef, or Veal;
That is, he'd eat twelve Hours, or longer,
But ne'er the fatter grow, or ſtronger.

Yet tho' our thin-jaw'd Powder Monkey,
When dainty Bits are had for thank ye,

Will ſtuff, and gormandize himſelf,
Like greedy Hound, or rav'nous Wolf,
I'th' Time that he preſided o'er
The Pariſh, and the Pariſh-Poor,
He took more Caution than was fitting,
To keep the laſt from over-eating;
For if *Powdero* chanc'd to meet
A Penſioner, in Lane, or Street,
Without a Badge, he'd ſtop their Pay
A Week, and make 'em Faſt and Pray,
Whilſt he himſelf, without Remorſe,
Would to the Tavern have Recourſe,
And there miſpending what was theirs,
Deſerve their Curſes, not their Pray'rs.
So Pariſh Rulers often ſtray
From Church upon the Sabbath-Day,
To puniſh e'ery Sot's Offence,
Not for the Sin, but ſake of Pence;
Which, like our Skeleton, they ſpend
I'th' Houſe of ſome officious Friend;

And

And thus commit, by their Neglect
Of Church, worſe Ills than they detect.

So fare thee well, conſumptive Mortal,
Too thin and skinny to be Heart-whole,
Would'ſt thou prolong a happy Life,
With, once thy Servant, now thy Wife;
(Which Match, altho' it was no Crime,
Poſtpon'd thy Honours for a time,
And kept thee back from having Place
In *Veſtry*, to thy great Diſgrace,)
Take this Advice, ſwill Punch no more,
Spend leſs, do Juſtice to the Poor;
Nor be by too much Love bereft
Of that ſmall Modicum that's left;
Thy feeble Loins, and ſlender Shanks,
Were never form'd for am'rous Pranks;
And tho' ſome Women are ſo fair
That Fleſh and Blood cannot forbear,
Yet Skin and Bones ſhould have a Care.

Reader, Pray ope both Eyes and Ears,
For now more Noiſe than Work appears,
To one ſmart Stroke that hits the Nail
O'th' Head, he ſtrikes ſix more that fail,
Yet makes th' Imployer pay as much
For thoſe that miſs, as thoſe that touch.
This alſo is a Pariſh Fox,
That dives into the Pauper's Box;
A craving mercenary Hunx,
That does not only deal in Trunks,
But has enlarg'd his noiſy Trade
To building Houſes for the Dead,
Which caus'd him to refuſe free Quarter
To a defunct poor Wretch, a Porter,
Becauſe his Brother had allow'd
A good Elm Coffin, and a Shrowd;
So that the Widow being driven
To ſend back what her Broth'r'd given,
Was forc'd to wrap the poor Cadaver,
In Shrowd that ſcarce would hang together,

And ſqueeze her *quondam* Husband into
A Slit-deal-Coffin, old, and thin too,
Which muſt be by the *Church-Ward'n* found,
Before he'd grant the Bury'ng-Ground,
For which he did vouchſafe to charge
A Price extravagantly large,
Having the Pariſh Purſe in hand,
To ſatisfy his own Demand;
Which was no ſooner made than paid.
And thus to propagate his Trade,
Wrong'd both the Living and the Dead.

Once on a Time he turn'd Upholdſter,
And ſlily dealt in Bed and Bolſter,
Imploying, to his Gain, tho' Shame,
His Servant to Appraiſe the ſame;
By which, ſome Neighbours do atteſt,
The Pariſh loſt two Thirds at leaſt;
But ſince, he'as juſtly been rewarded,
And by his beſt of Friends diſcarded,

Who

Who paſs'd upon him too ſevere
A Sentence to be mention'd here.
UPON a Time when coſtly Meats
And gen'rous Wines at Pariſh-Treats,
Had chear'd his Spirits, warm'd his Veins,
And ſtrengthen'd his laſcivious Reins,
A certain Dame, of courteous Mein,
Who had at Pray'rs been often ſeen,
He tempted down into his Cellar,
And made her there a Fellow-feeler
Of ſomething, which her tender Hand
With no ſmall Satisfaction ſpan'd;
But kindly off'ring to divide
Her Legs againſt a Coffin ſide,
So check'd her Female Inclinations,
That all his preſſing Inſtigations,
Could not prevail with pious Dame,
To quench his irreligious Flame,
Becauſe, as ſhe herſelf declar'd,
Her Lover ſo confus'd appear'd,

And finding at her Back a Coffin,
She could not do the Trick for Laughing:
Conceiving that he might have found
A better Place than under Ground,
Among ſuch Emblems of Mortality,
To've exercis'd his Immorality.
But Luſt is of ſo vile a Nature,
'T has ſmall Regard to Place or Creature.
However, *Phillis* not approving
Of ſuch unſeemly Coffin-ſhoving,
Gave him the Slip, b'ing nimbly Jointed,
And left her Lover diſappointed
To do, when ſhe was thus ſprung from him,
What did not very well become him.

A FAIR young Girl, ſome ſay a Maid,
Much indiſpos'd, and ſick in Bed,
Our Knick-knock *Warden* living near,
In Hopes to bury her, went to ſee her,

Pretending kindly to aſſiſt
Her Soul, as if he'ad been a Prieſt;
But when her weeping Friends were gone,
And all, except himſelf withdrawn,
This hopeful Guide began to feel
What is not modeſt to reveal;
As if he fancy'd, from his Vileneſs,
The real Cauſe of all her Illneſs
Lay hid, where Female Honour lies
Obſcurely fenc'd from human Eyes;
Attempted therefore to apply
A baſe, tho' pleaſing, Remedy.
But ſhe, not able to endure,
In Sickneſs, ſuch a boiſt'rous Cure,
Cry'd out, e're he her Limbs had ſpread,
And ſcar'd the Doctor from her Bed,
Before his Lewdneſs had inclin'd her
To take the *Noſtrum* he deſign'd her:
But ſhe without it ſoon grew well,
And liv'd to broach the merry Tale.

To further ſhew how well he lov'd
That Sport which is too much approv'd,
His Wife, when living, had a Niece,
Eſteem'd a very charming Piece.
This tempting Bloſſom of a Maid,
Full ripe for Wedlock, tho' unwed,
He lov'd, as Fame reports the Matter,
Better than if ſhe'ad been his Daughter,
Which caus'd ſome jealous Fools, at laſt,
To fancy that ſhe grew too faſt;
He therefore fearing it might prove
Some dropſical Effects of Love,
Thought it right Seaſon to provide her
A careful 'Spouſe to lie beſide her,
That tapping in due time might free
The Laſs from this ſad Timpany;
At leaſt by Matrimonial cloaking,
Prevent the Neighbours further Joking;
Accordingly, at length, perſwades
His Man to wed this Maid of Maids,

Who had not many Months enjoy'd
The Charms of ſuch a thriving Bride,
But ſhe was cur'd, by Means moſt proper,
Us'd by no Quack, but Mother Groper.
The Wife, who was before ſo plump
About the Belly, and the Rump,
To her fond Husband now appearing
As thin as any ſhotten Herring,
He bluſhing, very angry grew
To ſee his 'Spouſe thus ſplit in two,
And madly curſing his ill Luck,
Transform'd himſelf into a Buck,
Which ſudden Change ſo griev'd his Wife,
That ſhe abhorr'd her anxious Life;
And flying from her Home, ſoon a'ter,
Forſook the Land for River Water,
Wherein ſhe periſh'd in Deſpair,
A ſad Example to the Fair.
When thus ſhe'ad finiſh'd Female Folly,
And gratify'd her Melancholy,

Her Corps to'r Uncle was convey'd
By whom ſhe'd been unmade a Maid,
Who only had one Coach to grace
Her Fun'ral, to her Bury'ng-Place,
In which he ſat, and wept, no doubt,
But made the Husband walk on Foot,
Who, like a good Man, ne'er re ented
The Slight, but jog'd along cont nted;
No Wonder, ſince we often find
The Cuckold to his Maker kind,
And humble Blockheads ſhew good Will
To haughty Knaves that uſe 'em ill.

No Mortal more expert than he
In Caſes of Mortality;
For if a ſick, conſumptive Neighbour,
Or pregnant Goſſip near her Labour,
Is ſwell'd ſo big ſhe may be thought
In Danger, when to Bed ſhe's brought,
When e'er they creep, or waddle by
His Shop, he'as ſuch a skilful Eye,

That he can gueſs, or take their true
Dimenſions at one tranſient View ;
And make their Coffins at his Leiſure,
As well as if he'd taken Meaſure.
So that when any Neighbour's dead,
Their Coffin's always ready made,
So firm, ſo ſtrong, ſo very neat,
That no defunct Poſſeſſor yet
Could e'er complain they were unfit.

Besides, it is by ſome allow'd,
That he, by Art, can make one Shrowd
Serve twenty Corps, by ſuch a quick
Conveyance, none can ſee the Trick,
But, Jugler-like, can cheat the Eye
Of e'ery watchful Stander by.

Some Neighbours, merry o'er their Wine,
Once form'd the following Deſign,
In order to impoſe upon
This Undertaking *Pariſh-Don* :

The

The Plot was this: A Man was laid
At length upon the Floor for dead,
The reſt moſt ſoberly diſguis'd
Their inward Mirth, and ſeem'd ſurpiz'd;
Mean while, the archeſt of the Crew,
Who well knew what to ſay, and do,
Poſted to *Knick-knock* in a Hurry,
And told this lamentable Story:
Lord! Mr. Church-Ward'n, *what d'you think?*
'Tis a ſad Thing to die in Drink,
But —— our Friend Fuddlecap, *alas!*
Expir'd this Moment o'er the Glaſs,
Stone dead at ſuch a Tavern lies,
To his Companions great Surprize;
And when he ſicken'd in his Chair,
Had of his Soul ſo little Care,
That falling thence upon the Boards,
More Wine *were his laſt dying Words.*
This ſaid, he groan'd, and then, alas!
Sneak'd ſlily off, and baulk'd his Glaſs.

Pray

Pray therefore with a Coffin come,
And help us to remove him home.

Says Knick-knock, *Since he lies ſo near,*
I'll ſtep and take his Length, for fear
My dull Remembrance of his Stature
Should fail me in ſome trifling Matter.
Accordingly they jogg'd together,
To view the Corps and take right Meaſure,
Both very wiſely moralizing
On Death ſo ſudden, and ſurprizing;
'Till they had reach'd the Tavern, where
Theſe merry Wags had laid the Snare.
Upſtairs the Meſſenger advances,
And after him *Knick-knocky* trances,
Both gravely entering the Room,
Where many Perſons ſat hum, drum,
And by theſe ſolemn Toapers lay
The dead Man, as a Man may ſay.
The grave *Church-Ward'n*, in ſome Surprize,
Firſt liſting up his Hands, and Eyes,

Struck

Struck with a ſudden Inſpiration,
Flung out this ſhort Ejaculation :

Alas ! What mortal Man is ſure
Of Life one tranſitory Hour !
How oft have we together quaff'd,
Told merry Stories, ſip'd and laugh'd ;
But now, Dear Friend, thou'rt dead and gone,
Thy Bottle's out, thy Glaſs is run ;
And I, that was ſome Years the elder,
Am now become thy Coffin-Builder !

Then ſtooping low with Hand and Head,
To take true Meaſure of the Dead,
The Corps reply'd, *You lye, you Knave,*
I neither Coffin want, nor Grave.
Then re-aſſuming all his Strength,
And ſpringing out his Leg at length,
Gave *Knocky* ſuch a mortal Thump
Upon his Buttocks, near his Rump,
That pitch'd him headlong on his Noſe,
So ſtrenuous were the dead Man's Toes.

Then

Then thoſe that had been thus contriving,
By ſhamming Death, to cheat the Living,
At once turn'd all their ſeeming Sadneſs,
To ſudden Joy, next Kin to Madneſs,
Whilſt frighted *Knick-knock* run in Haſte
Down Tavern-Stairs, and left the reſt
To drink, and frolick o'er their Jeſt.

Poor *Knocky* ſneaking to another
Tavern, there met a *Veſtry* Brother,
And other choſen Friends to treat,
Charging whate'er they drank or eat,
Good Wine, fat White-legs roaſt, and boil'd,
To one *Dol. Gulpin*, big with Child,
A Faggot-Drab beneath their Care,
That lives no mortal Man knows where.
Thus Ward'ns, like Captains, muſter ſome
Ne'er ſeen abroad, nor found at home ;
And keep in conſtant Pay, 'tis ſaid,
Others that have for Years been dead.

Nor does this famous Coffin-maker,
This over, — well as Undertaker,
Who firſt can kiſs a pretty Maid
To Death, and bury'r when ſhe's dead,
Prove kinder to the Sex in Want,
When Age has made 'em Indigent,
Than thoſe *Church-Ward'ns* who ne'er had bin
So guilty of the modiſh Sin ;
For if a poor old Pariſh-Dutcheſs,
Applies for Alms upon her Crutches,
Or fruitful Dame, o'erſtock'd with Bearns,
Who ſtarve on what her Husband earns,
Moves him with all due Condeſcenſion,
To grant her a ſmall weekly Penſion ;
Perhaps, thro' his great Tenderneſs
To ſuch poor Wretches in Diſtreſs,
Out of the Pariſh-Stock he grants
Three Farthings, to relieve the Wants
Of five or ſix, ſo very poor,
The Children beg from Door to Door ;

And if they uſe one harſh Expreſſion,
Or mutter at the ſmall Donation,
By Aid of his robuſt Adherents,
To th' Workhouſe he commits the Parents;
Where they're confin'd, like Whore and Robber,
To hard unprofitable Labour:
And if their Children are too little
To be apply'd to Block and Beetle,
He takes due Care to ſend 'em down
To *Enfield*, or to *Hartford* Town,
Where, in a little Time, in courſe,
They're choak'd with Filth, or ſtarv'd at Nurſe.
This, in his *Ward'nſhip*, has he done,
By more poor Families than one.
And when theſe Wretches on their due
Submiſſion to this *Veſtry-Jew*,
From their Confinement are enlarg'd,
They are not totally diſcharg'd
'Till on their Knees, in open Street,
They fall at Mr. *Church-Ward'n*'s Feet,

And

And for their Faults, before his Shop,
Ask Pardon of this *Pariſh-Pope.*

O SHAMEFUL Inſolence, and Pride,
In Knaves that over Fools preſide;
Illit'rate, mercenary Swine,
From Dunghils rais'd to Fowls and Wine;
Brutes, that immoderately eat,
And ſtarve the very Poor they cheat;
Gluttons, that in their Faces wear
So dull, and porculent an Ayre,
Eſpecially, when rais'd aloft,
By ſenſleſs Noiſe, and petty Craft,
That their bluff Carriage, when they're dreſt
For *Sunday*, or a Pariſh-Feaſt,
Makes their Authority a Jeſt.

THE next that follows in his Turn,
Is cruſty G——, the *Under-War'n*;
Who, by the W——mil o'er his Door,
Diſcovers how he grinds the Poor;

And by another in his Head,
Grinds the whole Pariſh, as 'tis ſaid ;
Brown G----e ſometimes the People call him,
Becauſe that Title does moſt gall him,
Giv'n him by th' Poor, by whom he's curſt,
For ſelling ſecond Bread for firſt :
Nor have the Penſioners the Freedom
To buy their Loaves whene'er they need 'em
Of any Baking-Hunx but *G——ge*,
Whoſe Weight is ſeldom found too large ;
Therefore the Pariſh-Poor are paid,
Not in hard Money, but coarſe Bread.
The Head *Church-War'n* he Tickets gives 'em,
To the Low'r *Warden*, who deceives 'em.
And thus the Poor, to moſt Mens Wonder,
Betwixt the Upper Cruſt, and Under,
Are choak'd with Bread, as many think,
For Want of Pence to purchaſe Drink :
Whilſt Madam, once the Baker's Maid,
Whoſe Foot long ſince was brought to Bed,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with maſſy Golden Chain,
Grows wondrous loſty, proud, and vain;
And, in his Abſence, treats her Daughters,
With Coffee, Tea, and Cordial Waters.

Thus cunning Knaves that rob the Spittle,
Maintain the Bottle, and Tea-Kettle,
By coz'ning e'ery one a little.

The next wiſe Ruler is a Meal-Man,
Neither a good Man, nor an ill Man;
But one that may be ſaid to ſtand
'Twixt both, and lean on neither Hand;
A Common-Council-Man, whoſe Tongue
Is with ſuch odious Language hung,
That in his croſs ill-natur'd Freaks,
You'd think he rather Growls than Speaks;
Each Sentence tags with *Hah!* or *Hoh!*
As ramming Paviours do each Blow;
From whence his Neighbours, to perplex him,
Call him 'Squire *Hoh*, and then they vex him;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſurly Nature may be ſeen
In his grim Looks, and hoggiſh Mein,
And his high Station eaſily read
In the ſtern Motions of his Head.
As Kings, and Judges may be known,
By ſolemn Nods on Bench, or Throne.
MONEY he hugs like any Miſer,
And thinks his Riches make him wiſer,
Does therefore in his Hands with-hold
A five Years Debt of Orphans Gold;
And, in Conjunction with his Brethren,
Has ſunk the Tax they've long been gathering;
Humbly conceiving that to cheat
The Cheaters, is no Fraud, but Wit.
Yet, when he rides to *Hartford-Heath*,
To eaſe his Lungs, and gain new Breath,
No Man can be of Tongue more laviſh,
In blaming thoſe that ſerve the Pariſh,
Than he, who ne'er oblig'd his Friend,
Or Neighbour, but for ſome bye End.

As borrow'd Sums are often lent,
By Knaves, to Fools, at Cent. per Cent.

THE promiſing fat Babe of Grace,
Next lamely hobbles to his Place,
As if the painful Gout had ſeiz'd him,
Or that the Crinkums had diſeas'd him:
However, tho' he ſeems too young
To be with Pariſh Honours hung;
Yet from his Spices, and his Plumbs,
He creeping to the *Veſtry* comes,
There looks as big, and talks more bold
Than any Coxcomb twice as old;
Altho' his Brains are full as bare
Of Wiſdom, as his Chin of Hair.
But Pariſh-Offices, we know,
Like Kiſſing, do by Favour go;
Or, like Court Places, often fall
To thoſe whoſe Merits are but ſmall.

Nor can this ſpicy Mortal vaunt
He'as been a long Inhabitant,
Or from his Standing claim a Seat
At *Veſtry-Board*, among the Great;
Becauſe much wiſer Men than he,
And fitter for Authoritie,
Grave old Pariſhioners, have been
Poſtpon'd to bring this Whiffler in.
Some Neighbours ſcruple not to tell ye,
The *Veſtry* choſe him by his Belly;
For his huge pamper'd Quag of Guts,
Betray the Glutton, as he ſtruts,
And to the gazing World diſcover
He's a true *Gutt'ler*, and a Lover
Of any Pariſh-Truſt, or Poſt,
Where Men turn Swine at others Coſt.
In this fat Paſture let him feaſt
His Guts, till grown a perfect Beaſt;
And that his Body may be fed,
'Till equal to his Joulter-Head;

Then

Then might the Pariſh boaſt a large,
Fat Monſter bred at her own Charge.

A Land-Tax-Gath'rer next appears,
Imploy'd full Five and Twenty Years,
Who by his Poundage, without wronging,
And Perquiſites thereto belonging,
Makes it a ſweeter Trade, with Care,
Than ſelling Sugars to the Fair:
His Tongue, altho' a Little Mortal,
Is louder than a double-Curtel,
And can excel th'experteſt Dames,
At *Billingsgate*, in calling Names.
From Offices can ſave his Friends,
When 'tis to ſerve his own bye-Ends,
And ſlily can the ſame impoſe
On others, whom he deems his Foes.
Thus, like the Satyr fam'd of old,
Blows, as he pleaſes, Hot, or Cold.

The *Veſtry* Silk-Worm, next in Turn,
Advances, full of Pride and Scorn,
Who, Hedge-Hog like, 'tis too well known,
Rowls himſelf up in his own Down,
And unto the whole World beſide
Turns nothing but his prickly Hide,
Loves no Man but himſelf alone,
And is himſelf belov'd of none:
Was never match'd in Carriage ſtately,
But by his Man, and that but lately,
Who, mimicking his Maſter's great
Example, walks, and ſtruts in State.
" But if the Man ſuch Praiſe muſt have,
" Then what muſt he that taught the Knave.
Nor does his Maſter walk without
A Piſtol, which he wears to ſhoot
Any vain Upſtart that diſcovers
More Pride than he exerts to others;
Yet no Man need to have a Care,
For all are ſafe but *Lucifer*.

COUNT *Tallard* next appears among
This Gormandizing, *Veſtry* Throng
Who ſmells as ſtrong of Cheeſe and Bacon,
As an old Trap where Mice are taken;
Is alſo, if Report be true,
Famous for Lies, and Swearing too;
And tho' he'as been advanc'd of late
To ſit among the Fools in State,
He's not too Stiff, or Proud to ſtoop
To any forward Dam'ſel's Hoop,
But, *Bona fide* *, underſtands
The Art of Groping with his Hands,
As well as any Bawdy Jade,
That has Five hundred Women laid.

A CALLICONIAN next appears,
That deals in fine ſtain'd Cotton Wares;
Such as our Buxom Ladies buy,
To tempt, or charm, an am'rous Eye.

* A Bye-Word he uſes,

Some Time ago no Man could be
A greater Enemy than he,
To *Select Veſtries*, and their Banquets,
And all Parochial coſtly Junkets,
'Till he was call'd to take a Poſt
Among the reſt that rule the Roaſt;
And ever ſince he ſwears the Clan
Are truly honeſt to a Man.
(So the deſirous Laſs, before
She's naught herſelf condemns the Whore,
But when corrupted, and made common,
She ſwears a Whore's an honeſt Woman.)
Since choſen into this high Place,
Good Claret much improves his Face,
And makes his bluſhing Rubies ſhine
So bright, when fluſh'd with Pariſh Wine,
That in the darkeſt Nights that come,
He needs no Boy to light him Home.

THREE honeſt Men among the reſt
Appear; and that you'll ſay's a Jeſt;

The Firſt is forward to reveal
Thoſe Frauds the *Veſtry* would conceal,
And, loving Juſtice, never joins
His Brethren in their baſe Deſigns,
Will take no Share of Pariſh Plunder,
But uſes Conſcience, —— that's a Wonder!
Abhorring ev'ry ill Device,
Bearing no Spleen, or Prejudice
To any but to Rats, and Mice.

The Second is a Man ſo juſt,
His Motto is, *Weave Truth with Truſt.*
No coſtly Dainties can incline
His ſqueamiſh Appetite to Dine,
Or Sup, and ſwill down what the Poor
Have much more Title to devour,
But oft propoſes, tho' in vain,
To e'ery *Gutt'ling Veſtry-Man,*
That when they meet to glut, and ſot,
Each pamper'd Swine ſhould pay his Shot,

And

And for the future never gorge,
Their Bellies at the Pariſh Charge.
But good Advice is thrown away,
The Kites will ſtill be Birds of Prey.

The Third and laſt, but lately choſen
A *Veſtry* Counſellor, and Couſin,
Thinking himſelf too young to be
Advanc'd to ſuch Authority,
When ſome that had a prior Claim,
Were thought unworthy of the ſame;
And finding that the Pariſh paid
For e'ery laviſh Feaſt they made,
Deſerted all the *Gutt'ling-Crew*,
And from the *Veſtry-Board* withdrew.
Rejecting, with Contempt, and Scorn,
Their fair Entreaties to return;
And does to publick Knowledge bring
Their ſecret Ways of Managing.

So he that's honeſt, and, by Chance,
Falls among Knaves, thro' Ignorance,

Will

Will give their Frauds no Approbation,
But wiſely quit their Converſation.

THESE latter conſcientious Three
Are from the Laſh of *Satyr* free;
But thoſe that take the Rule upon 'em,
O'th' Pariſh, till they've half undone 'em,
From *Satyr* muſt expect no more
Kind Uſage than they give the Poor:
Such ſelfiſh, ſurly, greedy Sots,
Whoſe craving Guts, and thirſty Throats
Swallow one half of what's collected
To eaſe the Wants of the Dejected.

THESE are the *Veſtry* that expends
Ten Pounds a Time, to treat their Friends,
Yet grumble to divide in Bread,
A Tythe 'mong Families decay'd.
Theſe are the Miſcreants that draw
The Pariſh into Suits of Law;
And ſuch, as by their ſtrange ſurpizing
Miſmanagements, and Gomandizing,

Have

Have brought the Pariſh Stock of late,
At leaſt Two Thouſand Pounds in Debt:
And when they paſs their vile Accounts,
Shut out the beſt Inhabitants,
Becauſe their Frauds ſo naked are,
Their Books will no Inſpection bear.
Yet ſome of theſe are call'd upon
The *Court of Conſcience*, tho' they've none;
Where their grave Wiſdoms ſit to do
That Juſtice which they never knew.
Theſe are the Sots, that when they treat
Themſelves, ſwear, e'ery time they meet,
To hear, and ſee, but nothing ſay;
To eat, and drink, but nothing Pay.
Should all their num'rous Faults be told,
No Volume would their Knav'ries hold.
But this ſmall Verſion, tho' 'twas wrote
By Fits, and Starts, with little Thought,
Shews what each Pariſh muſt expect,
From *Gattl'ing Veſtries* call'd *SELECT*.

FINIS.

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